

In Exchange For Your Life

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Summary: When Stoick came home from his two month trip, he didn't expect to find his son sobbing in his room. Then he saw the empty space where the dragon would be sitting, and a cold feeling struck his heart. He left Berk with the promise to get Toothless back to Hiccup - even if it meant letting Alvin kill him, and let Toothless go. Rated T for torture. Stoick and Toothless friendship!

1. Chapter 1

Stoick the Vast had come home from a two-month trip to his son sobbing in his room.

He had frozen, not sure what to think before he saw the empty space the dragon would usually be sitting.

A cold feeling struck his heart, and he had fought the urge to vomit. He had not been fond of the beast, he would admit that, but he was still part of the family; the beast had been more of a friend to his son than his own father had been.

Hiccup had looked up, his eyes red and puffy. He'd wiped his eyes and stood up shakily. The boy looked skinnier than Stoick remembered. His son had bags under his eyes, and looking past him, Stoick saw his bed was broken and the blanket was torn and shredded. This only confirmed Stoick's greatest fears.

He had been a little tentative, and father and son locked eyes. Stoick's resistance broke and he dashed forward, pulling the frail body towards him. His son, who was trembling so badly it was like he had been struck by lightning â€“ Stoick winced as he remembered the fits Hiccup had had after the lightning incident â€“ slumped in his arms, the head in the crook of his father's neck as he sobbed and shook. Stoick dropped his sword to the floor, pulling the son in farther.

Hiccup quieted not long after that, and it took Stoick "not known for his sensitivity" a long time to realize the boy had fallen asleep.

He pulled back, observing the sleeping form of his child with a protectiveness he never knew he had.

Stoick picked him up in one massive arm, cradling the boy's precious form against his chest.

He took him downstairs, and lay him across the chair. He took his fur coat off and wrapped it around his son, before striding out the house with a purpose.

He slammed the door open of Gobber's house. He'd yelled as loud as he could, "GOBBER!"

The Viking had looked up, his eyes dark. "Yeh've found out, ah guess?"

Stoick had shook his head. "Nae. Hiccup fell asleep. NOW EXPLAIN TO ME."

Gobber had winced, flinching back. The chief's eyes had widened slightly, and he lowered his tone. The blacksmith's nerves were obviously frayed.

"Yeh see, Stoick, I really don't know much meself. Hiccup an' Toothless went to tae house, then next thing I know Hiccup's screaming. I got there and Astrid was with him. They were both crying. Toothless wasne with them, and I haven't seen him since."

Stoick had frowned down at the table. Drumming his fingers against the table, he had sighed, "Thanks anyway, Gobber."

The chief had strode out the house without a second glance. He had made his way towards the Hofferson's with a purpose.

He rapped sharply on the door. Astrid, blinking tiredly up at him, answered it. Her hair was in a tangled mess down her back and she was wearing a short white dress that clung to her figure. Inside Stoick chuckled at what Hiccup would've done.

"Stoick," she said sharply. "You're here about Hiccup?"

Stoick nodded, taken aback by her angry tone.

"Alvin took Toothless, knocked Toothless out. He was dragged away. He said he was going to kill him. We haven't seen him since."

He stared down at the ground, struggling to control his emotions. "Thank you."

He turned around and walked back to his house. He didn't look back; if he had, then he would have seen Astrid slumping over and glancing at the floor, which he had failed to notice was bloody and the grass was pulled up, as if an animal had been clawing desperately at it.

Stoick opened the door to his home quietly. Hiccup was still asleep, but creases were in his forehead still.

Stoick went upstairs, opening the door and looking at his room. His eyes swept across it, resting on a piece of paper.

He picked it up.

Stoick,

I have taken the dragon. In return for it's life, I demand yours. Come to my island and give me yourself. I will let the beast back to Berk. Otherwise it dies.

You have ten days.

Word of a Treacherous.

Alvin

Stoick stared at the piece of paper in fury. He growled, crumpling the paper in his hands as he paced up and down.

He needed to get a way to get that beast. He wondered if giving himself over would be the right solution â€“ it hurt him, but he knew his son would be less lost if the dragon was alive, and not him.

Stoick mumbled something under his breath. What was he thinking? He couldn't believe he was even having second thoughts about this. With a grim smile he went into Hiccup's room and grabbed one of his parchments.

**Hiccup, **

**I have got a letter from Alvin the Treacherous. In exchange for his life and return, I will give my life. I want you to know that Toothless will be returned (hopefully) if Alvin is being truthful. I will die under the hands of him, but your dragon will **

**Tell no one of this except Gobber. He must know. Until Toothless has returned, the villagers must simply assume I have gone on another quest. If you do not wish to be chief, show this letter to Spitelout (my brother) and get him to hold the position up for you.**

**He will help you, and considering the circumstances, Snotlout will as well. He will give the position to you when you think you are ready.**

**I want you to know you are the best son I could've wished for. I'm sorry how I treated you all those years. I was a son of a half-troll to you. I need you to know I love you, and I will do anything for your happiness (which is what I am about to do now.)**

**Sincerely, **

**Your father**

**(Stoick the Vast, Oh Hear His Name And Tremble, Ugh Ugh)**

With a sigh he put the letter down. He looked at it, and something smudged a letter I. Confused, he reached up with his hands and felt water on his cheeks. What was this? He realized with a start he was crying- no, sorry, sweating from his eyes and immediately wiped his eyes as hard as he could. Satisfied when there was no more signs of wetness or otherwise, he stood up and went downstairs. Hiccup was still sleeping, his face momentarily smoothed out.

Stoick grabbed two hunks of bread, and a whole basket of fish. Toothless (judging by the way Alvin would have treated him) would be starved.

As he lugged it out the door, he heard a moan. He looked back and saw Hiccup looking over at him, half asleep.

"Where you goin," he slurred. Then his face creased, and a wail ripped through him. Stoick widened his eyes.

"Oh, dad, it was horrible! Toothless tried to protect me, and then they- they- hit him and blood was everywhere and I was screaming and Astrid came and he was gone, gone, gone!"

A fresh burst of tears erupted from him. Stoick rushed to his son and gathered him in his arms.

"It's ok, Hiccup. I'm here. I'll always be here."

Then he froze. What had he just said? He was about to go. Forever. Luckily, Hiccup hadn't noticed. He had fallen back asleep, dangling limply in his father's arms.

I'm so sorry.

He put Hiccup down, wrapped him in a blanket, took his furs, and placed the note beside him.

Leaning down, Stoick pressed his lips to Hiccup's forehead quickly, then straightened up. He slowly and deliberately made his way to the basket of fish. Picking it up, he made his way to a small boat. He lit a lantern, placing it beside him as he took the handle as he got farther away from Berk.

He took in the last sights he would ever see of it.

And, as he sailed away from the only home he had ever known, Stoick allowed the tears to fall.

* * *

><p>New story! What do you think? I (hopefully) will update this quickly, depending on my homework-exams-situations-activites-ect schedule.

(If I stick to it) next chapter up on Friday-Saturday!

**-Simply Cool **

Toothless moaned. He tried to move his legs but all that happened was another crack.

He flinched back as his cell door opened, and a large figure walked in.

"Well, Toothless," he chuckled. "Looks like Stoick hasn't come for yeh. Yeh've got one day left."

Toothless whined, pushing himself against the wall in an effort to get away from the man who had been bringing him nothing but agony and despair for the past two weeks.

Toothless heard a familiar grinding sound of a sword being brought out of his sheath. He trembled pathetically in panic, terrified whines coming from his throat.

Toothless watched the blade come closer towards him, before swiping downwards.

A scream escaped him as it slashed down his muzzle, letting more blood rush out. He hissed in fury, parrying the blade with his claws, flinging it away.

Alvin merely laughed. "What can you do? You can't walk, or fly, so I'm not afraid."

Toothless slumped to the ground, dragon tears stinging his eyes. Alvin was right. He couldn't do anything without Hiccup.

A low whine pierced the silence as he was hit with a whip. It usually wouldn't hurt his hard scales, but they had weakened as he did.

"Hm..." Toothless glanced up, cowering pathetically as Alvin looked him over. "You could make an escape if Hiccup came."

Toothless's anger flared. He growled. Nobody could hurt Hiccup without him scorching them apart.

"But... If you couldn't fly with the prosthetic tail... Then you would never be able to escape." A pure evil smile graced his face. "So why not take away the one thing you could use as a weapon?"

Toothless shrieked in panic. He couldn't take his wings! He would rather die!

Alvin whistled. Toothless got into a fighting position - the best one he could, as he could barely move.

Ten men pinned him down. Toothless fought with the strength of twenty, but he couldn't overcome them.

"Savage, yeh deal with this." Alvin chucked him a sword, which the fumbling man caught. "Yes, sir, of course, sir."

Toothless stared at him as he walked over, begging for him not to. But Savage repositioned the blade in his hands, ordering a man to

pull his wings out.

In their weakened state, he couldn't pull them back, and Savage crouched down beside it.

"Well? Get on with it!" Alvin yelled, smirking.

Savage sighed quietly, looking at the wing. "I won't cut them off," he said under his breath. Toothless was stunned for a second, before he nodded, relief filling through him when he realised Savage was not going to cut off his wings.

He looked away as Savage stabbed down.

A scream of pain tore through him as he writhed, trying to get his poor wing away from that evil, evil blade that was sparkling with crimson blood.

His crimson blood.

Toothless felt the agony rage through him, leaving him weak and shocked. Savage drew back, walking around him to the other wing.

Toothless slumped against the ground, his ears ringing and his gaze blurring. He closed his eyes, whimpering and panicking.

"Well done, Savage," Alvin grinned. "Now come on men. We're going to go train that Whispering Death. Maybe it can teach Toothless a lesson as well."

They walked out, swinging swords over their heads ad caterwauling like hooligans.

Toothless twisted around to look at his wings. They had gaping tears that zigzagged down his wings. He moaned, twisting his head to lick the wounds with a dry tongue.

He tried moving them, and hissed when they split further.

So that was it. He was never going to fly again.

He curled up. Alone. In the dark. In a cell that was barely big enough for him.

And Toothless felt the tears mix with his blood.

* * *

><p>HEY! So I've updated this - if there's any mistakes, it's because I did this on my phone, and autocorrect's out to kill me. For some reasons it seems to haunt me.

I hope you enjoyed this! Oh, and don't worry. You'll get your Stoick/Toothless bonding time soon enough.

Oh, and by the way, what's the correct spelling: Stoic or Stoick? I'm so confused.

Please drop a little review!

Simply Cool

3. AUTHOR'S NOTE - PLEASE READ

Hey guys!

**Sorry for getting you excited â€“ this is just an author's note, but hopefully the chapter will be up today/tomorrow! **

DON'T IGNORE THIS â€“ I NEED YOU TO READ ON.

I've made a new YouTube account called howlsatdawn, and created a HTTYD AMV. It would be great and mean the world to me if you could like, comment, and subscribe! I'll be posting a new one from the song Gold by Owl City.

**Please don't leave me in the dark! I love you all so much, and I'll love you even more if you do this! Or, heck, just **_*watch
_it!**

-Simply Cool / Howlsatdawn x

4. Chapter 3

Stoick set the lantern down as he saw the peaks of Outcast Island on the horizon, its grey peaks jutting out rudely into the sky.

He grabbed his oars as a harsh wind blew up, grunting as he pushed with all his might, slashing through the water like a knife through butter.

The waves grew harsher and angrier as he steered his boat through the rocks jutting out the waves, nearly crashing it several times.

He jolted forwards as the boat grounded. Stoick straightened himself before placing the oars down. For the first time fear trickled through him.

Before him lay his death.

The thought made him tremble, but then he frowned. He was Stoick the Vast. Leader of the Hairy Hooligans. The most feared chief in the Shivering Shores. He laughed in the face of danger. Smiled at death.

Well, with this though he straightened up, his eyes hardening, and grabbed the wicker basket of fish.

With a grunt he stepped out the boat, making sure it was anchored. Maybe he could escape if they didn't kill him straight away.

He looked at the sky. It was sunrise, the grey sky a lighter shade than normally. His throat had a lump as he thought Hiccup would be waking up now, if not earlier.

The anger he felt could've killed everyone within ten miles. He knew Hiccup was terrified, traumatized, maybe even angry at Stoick. But

when Toothless returned home, Hiccup would see it was for the best.

A roar caught his attention. He dived to the left just in time as poisonous spikes landed where he had been two seconds ago. He looked up, drawing his sword, when he saw a Deadly Nadder flying above him. It reminded him of Thornado, the deep blue a colour they both shared.

Stoick dropped his sword as the Deadly Nadder dove towards him. He backed up, dropping weapons and his helmet before him. The dragon cocked its head, obviously confused, before deciding to leave. Stoick watched it fly away with a confused squawk.

He looked at the ground, picking up his helmet and sword. As he reached for the sword, his heart stopped.

There were long claw marks on the ground. _Night Fury _claw marks. And there was blood beside it.

Stoick pictured the scene before him. Toothless, dazed and confused, having just woken up and struggling to get away. He knocks over some men, clawing at the ground as they grab him by the tail, and Alvin smashes him over the head, knocking him out cold as Toothless slams to the floor, blood staining it.

He shook in rage. With a growl he started making his way to the center of the island, where he knew "sadly" from experience the dragons were kept. As he got closer his ears caught the sound of screeches, roars, and wails rattling from the metal cage.

Stoick stopped outside the door. He looked down, and with a deep breath knocked sharply on it.

The next thing he knew he had a sword to his throat.

"Well, well. If it isn't Stoick the Vast," Alvin said, shoving his ugly face against his.

Stoick winced, stepping back a little as the rancid breath hit him. "Watch it, Alvin. Yeh won't be able to kill me slowly if yeh kill me with yer breath first."

Alvin's eyes narrowed. "Well, at least I can see where Hiccup inherited his sharp tongue from." The point of the sword cut into his chin, drawing blood.

"Bones!" he yelled. A young man stepped out of the shadows, glaring at them both with a cold expression. "Show Stoick tae beast."

Stoick's heart leapt. Toothless? "Toothless?" he voiced his thoughts.

"Yep," Alvin chuckled. "An' yeh better be a strong man, Stoick, or yer dinner's going ta end up on tae floor."

Bones regarded him with a cool expression. "Right this way, sir."

Stoick frowned. This outcast was treating him with more respect than a normal outcast would. He wouldn't be able to attack him, anyway â€“ there were about ten men around them both.

They started off on a quick march, Bones walking quickly with confident, panther-like strides.

He reminded Stoick a lot of a Night Fury, to be honest. Except wild and untouched, a lot like Hiccup had described Toothless when they first met.

"Toothless is through here, sir," Bones said, before sinking into the dark.

Men shifted their weapons in their hands as the low growl of a Night Fury came from the cage opposite.

"Toothless?" Stoick said quietly. He saw a dark shape filling most of it, curled up awkwardly as two lamplights of eyes watched him.

"Maybe yeh'd want a better view?" Alvin smiled, showing rotting teeth. He lit a lantern, throwing it in. Toothless could be heard yelping and whining.

Stoick's breath caught in his throat. Toothless's head was lowered, as if in defeat. There was a definite dent at the back of it, dried blood over his muzzle and in dark trickles down the sides. His legs were slashed open up and down, barely any room where they were so deep it flapped uselessly on different sides, showing blood, muscle and bone. His wings were broken and pulled out awkwardly, tears zigzagging down it so badly there was barely any place it was whole. His back was filled with stab and slash wounds, while his tail was nearly severed off.

Toothless's eyes glanced up at him, before back to the ground. Stoick felt rage build up inside him. With a roar he grabbed his sword and killed three men instantly. He stabbed Alvin in the arm before he was overpowered, being forced against the cage.

Another thing that made him mad was how _terrified _Toothless looked. There was no defiance, or the usual natural rebel look. All you could see was the pain and terror.

Stoick felt a bloody nose press against his hand as he was pushed to the floor.

He also knew Toothless hated cold, damp, small places. It was common for a dragon to be claustrophobic â€“ any other dragon would die from madness after this long.

Alvin grabbed him by the shoulder, stabbing him in it. Stoick didn't know if the pain had thrown his aim off, or he was just paying him back. Either way the pain blew him to the ground.

He felt Toothless's enraged roar rattle the cage bars, before he was hauled away, towards a cell he could sense was made for him.

Stoick twisted around, seeing through pain blurred eyes Toothless slump back to the ground. "Hold on," he said, reigning the pain in

for a second. "Let Toothless go. I came. I'm here."

Alvin stepped in front of him, grabbing the collar of his fur cloak. He spat, right in his face, horrible breath and all, "Never trust the word of a Treacherous."

* * *

><p>AN:**

Sorry for the crappy last line. Couldn't think of anything better xD

**By the way, thanks for all your reviews! Yesterday I scrolled through the fandom, and I'm pretty sure this is a (mainly) original idea. **

Drop me a review, I'll drop you cookies and a hug!

(::) (:) Your cookies are waiting. (So are your hugs, but I can't find any symbol for that.)

**REVIEW! **

Simply Cool

End
file.